SOME NEW BOOKS

A French Diplomatist on American Men and Manners.

[Second Article. The letters published in Paris under the title of Sourmirs d'un Diplomate (Calmann-Levyl set forth the experiences of M. DE BAcourt, the French Minister to the United States during the closing twelvementh of Van Buren's Presidency and the initial year of the succeeding Administration. We have already made some comments on that part of the cor-respondence which records the impression made by New York society upon a well bred and cuitivated Frenchman forty years But during the greater part of sojourn in this country the author was naturally at his post in Washington, and most of his letters relate to his experience in the national capital and to the conspicuous politiclans with whom he was brought in contact. It was a period of intense political excitement and of unneual importance in the history of the United States for among the events of which M. de Baccourt was a witness were the hard eider campaign and the apostasy of Tyler, by which the hopes of the Whig party were blighted in the hour of victory.

When M, de Bacourt saw Washington for the first time, in July, 1819, there was much in its outward aspect, if not in its social shortcomings, to justify the French diplomatist in pronouncing it a "penficuliary," In which he had been sentenced to serve out a term. 'ho says, "virtually consists of only one street, called Pennsylvania avenue, running from east to west. It is three miles long. At one of his extremities stands the Capitol, the finest edifice in the United States; at the other end is the President's mansion, surrounded by the department buildings. Pennsylvania avenue is cut by transverse streets, in not one of which have more than five of six houses yet been erected; other attrets radiate from the President's mansion, but they are no further advanced in the sion, but they are no turther advanced in the vary of aultding than the others; so that if you sail a vary lumined pares in any direction you flat you get in the open country. The avenue is half as with again as the Rue de la Paix; it is planted with trees and bordered with brick sidewalks; the middle is macadamized, but, being never applicated is a terrible mass of dust in dust in summer and a sewer in winter. The other streets are not paved either, but they also have sidewalks. The aspect of the town is pretty enough at this season (July) by reason of the verdure, but when the trees have lost their leaves it must be even more dismai than Carlsruhe: the houses, being but two stories high and all of red brick, have a mean look,

* * The exterior of the President's nouse is the best thing I have won in the United States; the pleasure around is well shaded Well kept, and open to the public; the whole makes an exceedingly good impression. From it, luckily, you see very little of the sham city of Washington, which in reality is neither city nor village, but a heap of houses stuck right and left, in accordance with a plan which exists only on paper." M. de Bacourt thought President Van Buren

as much superior in manners and knowledge of the world to the members of his Cabinet and the prominent Senators as the White House, in his opinion, outshone their modest dwellings. His first interview with the American Chief Magistrate is thus recounted: "I betook myself vesterday before 2 o'clock to the President's house, here known as the Executive Mansion, a pretty little palace, environed by a garden in the English style, shut in by an iron fence; the rooms are vast and well decorated. The Secretary of State, who was to present me. was late, and a few minutes after my arrival Mr. Van Buren came in. I had some difficulty in recognizing him, he had grown so fat. He wore a plain black cont, gray trousers, and Wellington boots; seeing this, I was quite consoled for the absence of my uniform, which has not yet arrived. After the conventional discourses pronounced at the reception of Ministers, Mr. Van Buren shook me by the band, and, leading me toward a sofa, said he was charmed to see me, having by no means forgotten our meeting in London. * * The reelection of a President will take place in five months; some pretend that the succoss of Mr. Van Buren would be national calamity because he is the chief of the ultra-democratic party; what is certain is that the country is in a most deplorable condition from a financial point of view. I forgot to tell you that they call Mr. Van Buren, here perfean Talleyrand; it is to be supposed that this flatters him, for, in talking to me about the Prince, he repeated at least ten times the phrase 'wonderful man.' Mr. Van Buren acknowledged to be extremely able but rather in matters bearing on his individual position than in the guidance of national affairs." A week later M. de Bacourt dined at the White House. "We sat down to table," he writes, "at seven, and got up at ten. What a As the dinner was given for me, I had the seat of honor, although all the diplomatic corps was present; it is a courtesy that they pay to the newcomer. When dinner was announced the President took my arm and conducted me into the dining room, an extremely handsome apartment, suitably equipped, and made me sit down at his right. The service. for America, was admirable, and the dinner good. The French cook told my valet de chambre a curious story, namely, that for some months past, and, in fact, ever since the election of a President has been the great question of the day, there pours into the White House an incessant stream of people, who, in so many words, call for breakfast or dinner, and threaten to vote against Mr. Van Buren if their demands are disregarded. The cook says that be has the greatest difficulty in the world in pleasing them, and that they sometimes send back to him what he has served, and order something else upon the pretext that the first dish was bad." Incredible as this anecdote may now seem to many readers, it will not appear wholly destitute of foundation to those who recall the use made in the campaign, then in progress of the pretended contrast between Harrison's log cabin and hard elder and President Van Buren's gold spoons and aristocratic ways. We deem it highly probable that more than one sturdy Democrat journeyed all the way to Washington to test for himself the truth of these campaign stories, and we may be sure that " Little Van" would take measures to convince such investigators that nothing it the White House was too good for any of his

constituents. Buren treated me with the utmost geniality; he told me that he remained at home every evening and should be charmed to see me He is a widower with four sons. The eldest is married; his wife is just now at a watering place. Mr. Van Buren though the son of a tavern keeper, has acquired distinguished manners to an astonishing extent; he is polished, and has a certain case that renders him superior as a man of the world to those of his compatriots whom I have thus far seen." M. de Bacourt recurs frequently to the President's good manners, and in one of his later letters sums up his convictions in these words: "Mr. Van Buren's comportment is unexceptionable; he is the perfect imitation

Our diplomatist's account of dinner parties given by Mr. Forsyth, Secretary of State, and other persons of eminent political distinction during the concluding year of Yan Buren's Administration, was not likely to give his correspondent a favorable impression of Washing ton society. He is particularly severe in his comments on a ball which, it seems was attended by everybody of any social pretensions in the national capital. "I went," he writes. some days ago, to a solree at the house of a Mr. Gadsby, proprietor of the hotel where I lodged upon arriving here. He is an old rascal who made a fortune in the slave trade, a facwhich does not prevent Washington society from rushing to his house, and I should render my Government extremely supopular if I refrained from mixing with people of this species. This gentieman's house is the handsomest in the town,

very well furnished, and admirably arranged; but, mon Dien, what company! It gives me a kind of giddiness to find myself in the mids of such men and such women, all of whom vis with one another in bad breeding. I had never reflected on the importance of the rôle played by politeness in social relations, but now I pronounce it their fundamental basis and indispensable condition. The married women, ridiculously dressed, stand in a ring around the walls of the drawing room, each clinging desperately to her husband's arm. This may be highly moral, but assuredly it is grotesque; even the common people in our provincial towns manage to make a better figure." There has been, of course, a decided change in forty years, and M. de Bacourt was quite shrewd enough to see how the change might be effect ed, as the following remark will show: "To modify this vulgarity it would be necessary for Americans, and, above all, for American women, to go to Paris and London, and also for these strange people to be admitted to what we call society, which, I think, would be difficult. Given such circumstances, however, the American would copy us, for while he is inordinately vain, he has all the imitative instincts of a monkey, and allows himself to be led and impressed by people in the mass, whereas individual Europeans, isolated as we are here, only produce upon them the effect of lunaties, behaving in a way distinct from the native forms of lunacy."

One of the most entertaining things in these

letters is the description of the presentation of the diplomatic corps to President Harrison soon after the latter's inauguration. No doubt a good many absurd incidents have taken place in the White House, but the pomposity with which, on this occasion, Daniel Webster discharged the rôle of master of ceremonies will recall to our readers the portentous gravity now and then assumed by the "end man" at a erformance of negro minstrels. Let us listen to M. de Bacourt: "I was witness of a curious wene yesterday; it will give you a correct idea of American manners. It being etiquette for the whole diplomatic corps to be presented to the new President we all assembled reforehand at the house of the English Minister, Mr. Fox, and thence betook ourselves to the Executive Mansion. We had agreed on the address which Mr. Fox was to make to the President on our behalf. On our arrival at the White House the new Secretary of State, Mr. Webster, came to concert all the arrangements with Mr. Fox, after which we all ranged ourselves, according to length of residence, along our of the walls of the drawing room. Aft., making us wait too long for a country where the Chief Magistrate has no right to make people wait the old General came in followed by all the members of his Cabinet marching in single file, and thus keep ing themselves exactly behind him, He moved toward Mr. Fox. whom Mr. Webster had pointed out to him by name. Mr. Fox then read his address, whereupon the President put on his speciacies, and proceeded in turn to read his roply. Then, after shaking hands with the English Minister. he marched from one end to the other of our line. Mr. Webster naming him to each of us in order, and he shaking hands with everybody without uttering a syllable. The ceremony over, the President went back into the room he had come out of, and pretty soon came out again, having on his arm Mrs. Harrison, the widow of his eldest son, whom he presented to the diplomatic corps collectively, Next, Mr. Webster, who was following, presented to us Mrs. Finley, Mrs. Harrison's mother, in the following terms: 'Gentlemen, I introduce to you Mistress Finiey, the lady who attends Mistress Harrison.' Prny observe that this good woman who 'attends the others' is blind. Then all at once a throng of people hurled themselves into the drawing Those were the wives, sisters, daughters, female consins, and female friends of the President and all the Ministers. They were presented to us and we to them in the midst of incredible confusion. The greater part of the men who accompanied these ladies were in ordinary frock coats. It had evidently been arranged that the poor diplomatic body should feed the curiosity of these male and female clowns which observing, after exchanging a word or two with Mrs. Webster, the wife of the new Secretary of State, I made the best of my way home."

M. de Bacourt does not seem to have been in the least impressed by Mr. Webster's size or by the cavernous depth of voice with which the great man from Massachusetts was in the habit of trying to infuse a solemn significance thto commonplace remarks. He had seen too much real greatness in his day to be taken in by any mere stage business. Nor is he in the least captivated by the demonstrations with got drunk at a dinner at the White House. endeavored to place himself on a confidential footing with the French contlaman. This extraordinary incident is thus described in a letter dated Jan. 14 1842: "I went vesterday at 5, to dine with the President [Tyler]; forty men, no women; the latter only appeared after the repast. I sat between Mr. Spencer and Mr. Webster; the latter dropped, for my benefit, the sham dignity in which he habitually envelops his sullen mediocrity. The Madeira wine, to which he had recourse far too frequently, brought out in him not only amiability-of the American kind I mean, of course-but even a touching tenderness. Clutching my arm with both his hands, he said to me, 'My dear Bacourt, I experience an infinite pleasure at see ing you here to-night-much more somethan other days-I can't tell why. I have not, perhaps, up to the present time shown you sufficient friendship, but if you like, you and I will become great chums. You will find me a good, companionable fellow. Come to my house any day without coremony: it will give me pleasure, my dear Bacourt, for truly I flud you charming.' This flattering declare tion was made with a thick tongue and, if I may venture to say so, with an accompaniment of biccoughs, which rendered the too close proximity of the Minister of Foreign Affairs excessively obnoxious. This is the sort of thing that takes place at the table of the Chief Magistrate at a banquet given to the representatives of all the European powers." Elsewhere it is averred that Mr. Webster

was not only pompous but awkward and embarrassed in a drawing room. "I persist, says M. do Bacourt, "in the opinion that all the distinguished men of this country would be, in England, mon of the second or even the third class. They give themselves those airs of importance that are thought to be peculiar to the rich brewers of the city of London; they are characterized by the same vanity, vulgarity, and absurdity As to Mr. Clay, he belongs to another type, that of the gen tieman farmer." Apropos of Clay, the author of these letters recounts that the Senator from Kentucky twice told him a long story about his having had a very cool reception from the Bourbons of the elder branch when he came to Paris in 1814. "Is it not amusing," is the comment, "to see a democrat disturbed after the lapse of twenty-six years by the recollection o a disagreeable reception at the hands of a King?" In Mr. Calhoun our diplomatist recognized a man of great ability, and pronounced him better bred than his colleagues in the Sen-ate. He used to ask the Senator from South Carolina to dine with him, as he did also Mr. Hunter of Virginia, but although, for political reasons, he felt himself constrained to be civil to one who took a view of the tariff favorable to French interests, he does not hesitate to call him in one of these letters " a very vulgar per sonage." Speaking of another of his guests. an influential member of the House of Repre sontatives, he records that "during the whole course of the repast this agreeable and distinguished man kept spitting into his napkin. You are compelled," he adds, "to treat these savages with some attention, for they are the leaders on whom depend, to a large extent, the commercial interests I am charged to defend." it appears, in short, that very more or less conspigaous persons, with whom ington, seemed to him to have any title to the

President Van Buren he recognizes some ex septions. He speaks with respect, for instance of Mr. Bancroft, and says of Washington Irving that he is not only a man of parts, but a well ored person. Of Mr. Robert C. Winthrop of Massachusetts and Mr. Kennedy of Baltimore both of whom were members of the House in 1842, he writes: "These are the two bes bred men in this strange American world." We may add, in taking leave of M. de Bacourt that, although in one of his letters he seen to think it needful to explain how it came to leas that he consented to dine with Mr. Seato of the National Intelligencer, yet he presently atones for the impertinence by the discrimiating remark that "in this country the genlemen of highest distinction are almost all journalists.

Rennn's View of Christianity.

Twenty years have clapsed since M. En-NEST RENAN published the first edition of his 'Life of Jesus." With that book he did but cross the threshold of a task which has ever since employed him, the composition of a history of the evolution of Christianity. This work, which bears the collective name of Les Origines du Christianisme, is now complete in seven volumes, which treat respectively o 'Jesus" himself; of the "Apostles;" of the organization of the Gentile Church by "St. Paul;" of the first reaction against the nascent faith in the reign of Nero, designated as "Antichrist:" of the publication of the "Gospols' in the second Christian generation; of the "Christian Church," which, in the first half of the second century, acquired definite form and structure, and finally of "Marcus Aurelius and

the end of the antique world." Comprehensive as the theme appears, a ealcolated to tax the incessant industry of a lifetime, it is, nevertheless, somewhat narrower than that which the author originally contemplated. He intended, when he first ontered upon the undertaking, to allot a whole volume to the portrayal of Christianity under the Antonines, and another volume to the exposition of the decisive progress which "te new faith made from the accession of the Syrian Emperors to the "Comphant close of the long struggle, w' on the policy of Constan tine transform. The most untrammelled and sper ancous of religious movements into a State church. The time and labor involved in interpreting the earlier and more obscure stages in the slow development of Christianity have compelled M. Renan to restrict the limits of his plan and to set forth with comparative brevity that part of his projected narrative which deals with persons and events subse quent to the acceptance of the Gospels as canonical writings. This circumscription of his scheme will be

approved or regretted according to the convictions and prepossessions of his readers. To those who acquiesce in the extreme conclusions of the school of rationalistic criticism of which Strauss and Baur are by no means the most advanced and uncompromising types, it will seem, perhaps, that M. Renan has ended his narrative at the precise point where a history of Christianity, in the current and exact meaning of the term, should begin. To others, on the other hand, who regard the hold which Christianity had silently acquired upon wide tracts of the Mediterranean world before the close of the second century as one of the most perploxing and mysterious problems submitted to the historian, the unequivocal rejection by many German critics of nimost all the traditions which purport to throw light on the sucreptitious and subterranean growth of the new religion during the years that witnessed its plantation and propagation has not unnaturally been tooked upon as a disheartening confession of the impotence of science. Is it essible, it may be asked with not unreasona ble impatience, that with such perfected pro cesses of investigation and such an elaborate critical apparatus, we must knock in vain at the door of that busy and pregnant epoch, the first century of our era, wherein, could we but etect it, lies the secret of the Christian victory? Is it conceivable that in an age when philologists have managed, by the scrutiny of a few words coiled about the roots of cognate languages, to reconstruct the outlines of a prohistoric past and unearth facts of assured authenticity and fundamental import regarding the social and political condition of our Aryan progenitors in their primeval seat when the deductions of comparative mythology have almost acquired the precision and authority of scientific trutiand are relied upon to explore wide tracts of human progress unillumined by any writter record-all these precious implements and methods should prove powerless to answer the most absorbing and momentous of inquiries scendent phenomenon which, compared with the subjects of archeological research, may properly be looked upon as pertaining main of what is called profane history that historical criticism can exercise its marvellous constructive faculty, and are only its destructive powers to be called into activity when it essays to analyze the beginnings of Christianity Grant that the initial stage in the unnoticed evolution of the Christian community and the Christian dogma is wrapt in deep obscurity have there been no denser shadows penetrated by the eye of science? Admit that the Gospel narratives are, in large part, legendary; are these to be cast aside as being the only legends which, to the trained our, are dumb?

reply. He approached his task in the convic tion that a coherent, intelligible, and substan tially veracious history of primitive Christian ity was practicable, provided the author could discharge diverse functions seldom exercises and the constructive energies. He perceived that it would be needful first to profit by all the copious resources of modern science, in order to amass, to weigh, to winnow, and classify his materials, and secondly to fuse the material thus collected and certified in the plastic and creative heat of a fervent imagination. Renau saw, in brief, that for his purpose it would be indispensable to be at once a scholar and a poet. It has long since been recognized that he possesses the dual qualifications whose ne-cessity he divined. He has given us a composition which is at the same time a product of science and a work of art-an exegesis and a poem. The very nature of the objections raised against his book on various, and even fanti thetical grounds, bears witness to the comploteness with which the intended combination of scientific and artistic aims has been carried out. To the orthodex theologian the basis of his narrative seems weakened by what may be deemed dangerous concessions to the methods and conclusions of critical inquiry. To the extravagant rationalist the super-structure raised by M. Renan appears too spacious and symmetrical for the fragof fact which alone would be per mitted by the most aggressive skeptics to serve as a foundation. By the mass, however, of thoughtful and emotional readers such irreconcliable objections will be thought neutralize each other, and they will cling with peculiar affection to a book which tries to sat isfy the intellect, while it warms and inspires the heart. M. Renan's book will live, because there is much poetry as well as much science in it-because alone, of all the students who have approached the problem from a rationalistic point of view, he has been able eye of a sympathetic imagination to measure the benignity and beauty of that early Chrisdanity which seems to have swept like a sea breeze through the parched and dark recesses of the slave-cursed Roman world. The most conspicuous figure of the France of the last century-the only man of letters who then occupied a position superior to that which M. Renan has attained in our own day acknowledged that if Christiauity were n onger in existence it would behoove us to in vent it. To not a few readers of the narrative it will seem that what Voltaire suggested has

been actually performed in "Les Origines du

Christianisme." The figures of Christ and his

The second rate and the second second

To all such questions the capacious work of M. Renan embodies an earnest and impres-

sive, if not to all minds a wholly satisfactory,

Apostles, the stories told by the Evangelist which, under the repelling hand of critical analysis, seemed to have faded past recall into the mist of legend, are summoned back to life. and reendowed with the noble, winning, and touching traits for which our fathers loved them, in M. Renan's pages.

L-THE LIFE OF JESUS.

Now that the perfected outcome of the labors of twenty years lies before us in a work which within the limits finally adopted, may fairly be described as an organic composition, it may Interest many persons to see an epitome of the main conclusions reached by M. Renan, pro-vided, of course, the summary shall aim, by a paraphrase of striking passages, to convey some idea of the consummate literary art with which the views of the author are so skilfully commended. While, however, a process of condensation and selection may be fully enough applied to the larger part ous with reference to the initial volume "The Life of Jesus," published in 1863, has been made familiar by more than one translation to the English-speaking world. We should not forget, however, that just as Strauss on his part found it needful to entirely rogast his own "Life of Jesus" so M Ronan has candidly recognized the duty of thoroughly reconstructing the book in which he first portrayed the founder of Christianity. Not only has the subsequent progress of critical research compelled a fresh inspection and graduation of materials, but M. Renan acknowledges with a frankness that does him honor that he had not rightly appreciated the value of the investigations prosecuted by German scholars whose writings were already extant at the date of his earliest attempt to trace the beginnings of the Christian religion. The thirteenth edition of his "Life of Jesus" is necordingly in not a few important respects, a new book, his opinions touching the relative authority of certain documents beving undergone changes so decisive o necessitate a radical modificareared on them. The direction and extent of these alterations are possibly unknown to a considerable proportion of those English readers whose acquintance with M. Benan's conception of Christ is derived from the now superseded biography. The reasons and results of the more or less important corrections and revisions which the author leemed essential to the verisimilitude of his picture are concisely set forth in the preface to the thirteenth edition, and we shall merely offer at this time such citations from this ex planatory essay as will disclose the divergence of his present from his former point of view On the other hand, when we are able to examine the later volumes of M. Renan's history. we shall endeavor to give a more detailed and adequate account of their substantive contents and literary character.

If we compare the first draught of Renan's Life of Jesus" (which, by the way, was repro duced with but trifling alterations in the first twelve editions) with the treatment of the same subject by Strauss, we shall remark the most striking difference in the degrees of importance ascribed by the two authors to the Gospel which bears the name of John. Although M Renan acknowledged the note of peculiar authenticity which has been generally discerned in the discourses ascribed to Jesus by Matthew, and in the anecdotal details of the Saviour's life recounted by Mark, he was long disposed to invest with almost equally high authority the facts recorded in the fourth Gospel, which he accepted as having been, if not actually written by the disciple that Jesus loved, at all events penned at his dictation. Moreover, in his conception of his subject's character and mission, he allowed himself to be inspired rather by the spirit of the fourth Evangelist than by that which animates any of the so-called synoptical narratives. As late as 1866, when he published the second part of his history of early Christianity, under the name of "The Apostles," he still clung to his original view of the fourth Gospel. It seems, however, that soon afterward he began to doubt the correctness of that position, and a renewed and more extensive study of the criticism to which the document in question had been subjected convinced him that his own opinion was untenable, and that it would be indispensable to readjust his composition to his altered view of the materials which ought to enter into it—a task to which, he tells us in the thirteenth revised edition, he devoted not less than four years of vigilant

In order to assist the reader to measure ex-

actly the extent to which the groundwork of the biography has been modified. M. Renan sets before him the several views that have been taken of the historical value of the Gor pel attributed to John. "The opinions concorning this Gospel may be ranged," he says in four classes, which might be tersely discriminsted as follows: First- The fourth Gospel was written by the Apostle John, son of Zebe des; the statements of fact made in this recital are all true; the discourses which the author places in the mouth of Jesus were really deliv ered by Jesus.' That is the orthodox oninion. From the point of view of rationalistic criticism, it is utterly indefensible. Second- The fourth Gospel, taken as a whole, is the work of the Apostle John although it may have been edited and retouched by his disciples. The facts recounted in this Gospel are traditions about Jesus, handed down by an eye witness. In the dis courses, on the other hand, the author often allowed himself much license, expressing only what he conceived to be the spirit of Jesus. That is the opinion of Ewald, and if we except some minor divergencies, that of Lücke, Weisse, and Rouss. It is also the opinion which I first adopted in my 'Life of Jesus. Third- The fourth Gospel is not the work of the Apostle John. It was attributed to him by one of his disciples about A. D. 100. The discourses are almost entirely fictitious, but the narrative portions of the text include valuabio traditions, a part of which ascend to the Apostle John.' That is the judgment of Weiz saccker and Michel Nicolas; it is this third view which I have now embraced (in the thireenth revised edition). Fourth- The fourth Gospel has in no sense emanated from the Apostie John. Neither as regards the facts nor with reference to the discourses which are recorded in it is it an historical document. It is a work of the imagination, and in som measure allegorical; it was put forth about A D. 150, and its author purposed not to relat the life of Jesus as it actually passed, but to ed of Jesus.' Such, with some variations, is the opinion of Baur, Schwegler, Strauss, Zeller, Volkmar, Hilgenfeld, Schenkel, Scholten Ré-

difference between a life of Jesus composed on It will be observed that M. Renan, in the fina reconstruction of his "Life of Jesus," is still what may be termed conservative, stopping short at the third of the opinions mentioned and refusing to connect himself with the most radical party. "I still believe," he says, "that the fourth Gospel is really linked to the Apostle John, and that it was written about the end of the first century. I acknowledge, however, that in certain passages of my book, as orig-inally published, I ascribed too large a measure of authenticity to this document. The force of certain arguments upon which I then insisted now seems to me diminished. I no longer believe that Saint Justin piaced the ourth Gospel on the same footing as the Synoptics among the Memoirs of the Apos-ties, to which he refers as current in his time. The existence of a Presbyteros Joannes, conceived as a distinct person from the Apostle John, appears to me, from my present point of view, extremely questionable Zebedee, the author of the book-an hypothesis which I have never completely accepted, but for which at times I showed some weakness—is here discarded as improbable. I con less, finally, that I was wrong in repelling the the Lord's brother,' who after the death of Jesus plays a capital rôle? Did Jesus attributed to an Apostle after the close of the apostolic age. The second epistic of Peter. any relations with John the Baptist, and did his most celebrated dis-ciples belong to the school of the Baptist whose authenticity can be reasonably main-

Vogue.

before they entered his own? What were his Messianis ideas? Did he regard himself as the Messiah? What were his ideas touching an apocalypse? Did he believe that he would appear in the clouds as the Son of Man? Did imagine that he performed miracles Were any ascribed to him in his lifetime? Did the Jesus legend begin to take shape around him while he was still alive, and did he have knowledge of it? What was his moral charac ter? What were his ideas in reference to the admission of the Gentiles into the kingdom of beaven? Was he a pure Jew, like James, or did he break with Judaism, as the most vigor-

much less important, it is true, than the fourth

Still more explicit admissions are made in an

appendix to the thirteenth edition of the

'Life." wherein an attempt is made to trace

the limits within which the Gospel wrong!

attributed to John might still be turned to some account by the historian. "Not without grave

easons have critics of the highest rank denied

the authenticity of the fourth Gospel. The

work is too seldom quoted in the oldest Chris-

tian literature; its authority only begins to

emerge at a very late date. Nothing could be

more unlike what we should expect from John,

the ex-iisherman of Lake Genesaret, than this

ing repudiation of the text in question.

But he prefers, as we have said, to hold "that

the fourth Gospel is truly, in a certain sense

by John himself; and that it was long retained

as an esoteric and secret record in one of the

schools which attached themselves to John

To penetrate the mystery of that school, to

cerned emerged from it, is impossible. Did

tated by him serve as groundwork of the text

that we now read? Did a sectary trained in

the philosophy of Philo, and having a style of

his own, impart to the recitals and letters of

his master a turn they would otherwise have

lacked? Have we not here something anal-

as these come to us edited by her secretary;

of which we may say with equal truth that

they belong to Catherine and to Brentano, the

fancies of Catherine being filtered through

Brentano's style? Or, were not semi-Gnostic

life, to gain possession of his pen, and, under

the pretence of aiding him in writing down his

ecollections, and of serving him in his corre-

spondence, to lend him their own ideas and fa-

vorite turns of speech, and thus to cloak them-

sanctioning either of these suppositions, M.

Renan persists in adhering to the belief that

portions of the purely narrative part of the

fourth Gospel represent an Independent

stream of tradition and possess a substantial

value parallel to that of the Synoptics and even.

Notwithstanding the reservations here indi-

cated, there is no doubt that M. Renan has sen-

sibly restricted the role formerly allotted to the

ments of his narrative. His changed views have

compelled him not only to rewrite that large part of the original introduction which related

to the fourth Gospel, but to remodel not a few

passages in the body of the "Life." "All forms

of expression " we are told, " which would im-

ply that the fourth Gospel was the work of the

Apostle John, or of an eye witness of the facts

related by the Evangelist, have been expunged.

In tracing the personal character of John, the

son of Zebedee, I have had in mind the rude

Boanerges of Mark, the terrible visionary of

I insist with less confidence upon cer

the discourses recorded in that Gospel bave

be carried too far in the wake of the pretended

Apostle, as regards the promise relating to the

the day on which Jesus died. With respect to

night of Jesus's life, seems to me to involve an

selves at every step."

In one short passage of the preface to the

thirteenth edition, M. Renan points out the

institution of the Eucharist to the last

tain minor incidents in the career of Jesus

record of the fourth Evangelist among the ele

now and then, superior.

solves with his authority?" Without expressi:

sectaries able, toward the end of the Apostle's

ogous to the latters of St. Catherine of Signal

or to those revelations of Catherine Emmerical

learn how the writing with which we are con

notes left by the Apostle or memorauda die

according to John,' though it was not written

Gospel) put forth under such condition

Gospel. The Greek in which it is written is far from being the rude Palestinian dialect of pursue ?" the Hellenic tongue we are familiar with in the other books of the New Testament. Those who tolerate nothing in history except the indubitable must hold their peace about Above all, the ideas are of a totally difall this. With regard to such questions, the ferent order. Here we find ourselves in the Gospels are far from furnishing decisive testimidst of Philonian and almost Gnostic metamony, since they often supply arguments for physics. The discourses of Jesus, as they are antagonistic propositions, and since the figure of Jesus undergoes mutations in those narrareported by this pretended auditor, this intives according to the dogmatic intentions of mate disciple are pallid false impossible their compilers. For his part, M. Renan thinks work of a John, who, it is true, is not dehat, "on such occasions, it is allowable to scribed as an apostle, but who challenges for make conjectures on condition that you offer them for just what they are. The documents, himself such a primacy over the churches of Asia that we can hardly fail to identify him being unhistorical do not give us certainty; with John the Apostle. Now, when we combut they give us something. We must not follow them with blind confidence; peither should we deprive ourselves of what evidence they Revelation with the style and thoughts of the author of the fourth Gospel and of the first Joafford by an unjust disdain. We must go on hannian Epistle, we encounter the most startling striving to divine what they veil from us, with dissonance." It may be thought that, after out ever being absolutely sure that we have desuch trenchant concessions, M. Renan would feel constrained to range himself by the M. W. H. tected it." side of Strauss in an almost uncompromis-

JEWS RETURNING TO PALESTINE.

Haifa, July 10. Next to Jerusalem, the ity most highly venerated by the Jews in Palestine is Safed. I had occasion to visit it a few vecks ago on my way to a colony of Russian and Roumanian Jews which has been estabished in the neighborhood, Perched on the summit of a mountain nearly 3,000 feet high, it is one of the most picturesquely situated towns in the country; and there is a tradition to the effect that it was alluded to by Christas" the city that is set on a hill, and cannot be hid," when he preached the Sermon on the Mount, the mount being supposed to be one of the Horns of Hattin, a remarkably shaped hill.

The whole of this district is indeed full of romantic scenery. It is a country of wild gorges and huge precipices, which escape the attention of the traveller following the beaten routes, and to most of them associations are attached, investing them with an interest beyond that of a mere scenic character. There is, for instance, the Wady Hammam, wherefthe bluffs are about 1,200 feet high, perforated with caves, communicating with each other by passages concealed in the rock, once the abode of bands of robbers who lived like eagles in their eyries. Looking up at these holes in the cliff some seven or eight hundred feet above me. I tried to picture the terrible battle which was once fought in mid air between the denizens of these caves and the soldiers whom Herod let down the face of the cliff in baskets to attack them. The desperate nature of the struggle as the soldiers strove to make good their foothold on the edge of the caves and the frenzy with which the robbers, who had no loophole of escape must have defended themselves as they endeavored to hurl their assailants from their baskets, suggested a scene which was quite in keeping with the gloomy character of the surroundings. Some of the more accessible of these caves have been occupied at a later period by hermits, and they may have been utilized for military purposes at the time of the crusades.

but they have never been thoroughly explored. Just before reaching Safed there is a rock called Akhbera which rises 500 feet sheer up from the path, and is also full of similar caves. Josephus mentions having fortified it. However prepossessing Safed may look from a disever prepassessing Safed may look from a distance, it does not bear a close acquaintance. Down the centre of every street runs an open sewer, which renders it the most odorferous and pestiterious pages that it has ever been my fate to sleep in. The aspect of the population is in keeping with the general smell. One seems transported into the ghetto of some floumanian or liussian town, with a few Eastern disagreeables added. The population here have not adopted the Oriental costume as they have at Tiberias, but wear the high hats greasy gabardines, and ear curls of the Jews of Revelation, and no longer the tender mystic who wrote the Gospel of love. for which our only authority is the fourth Gospel. The few extracts which I made from been still further curtailed. I allowed myself to Holy Ghost. In like manner I am no longer as sure as I once was that the fourth Gospel is right where it differs from the Synopties as to the last supper, on the other hand, I persist in my opinion; the Synoptic version which refers

here have not alopted the Oriental costume as they have at Tiberias, but wear the high hats, greasy gabardines, and ear curis of the Jews of Eurone. Instead of Arabic, one hears nothing in the streets but Jargon," as the dialect used by the Jews in eastern Europe is called. The total population of Ashkenazin, or German Jews, who are hived in this unenviable locality is between live and six thousand; besides these there about 1,200 Sephardin, or Spanish Jews, who wear Oriental costumes, and in the other quarter of the town from six to seven thousand Moslems, making the total number of inhabitants about 14,000.

As there is nothing approaching to a hotel or boarding house in the place, one is of course dependent on the native hospitality for isoard and lodging, and is thus able to acquire an insight into the mode of life of rather a curious section of the human family. The majority of the Jews here are supported by a chariable fund called the Haluka, which is subscribed to by pious Jews all over the world as a sacred duty, for the burpose of providing support to those of their coreligionists who come here or to Jerusalem to pass the last years of their lives in devotional exercises and to die on the sacred soil. The practical result of this system is to maintain in idleness and mendicancy a set of useless bigots, who combine superstitious observance with immoral practice, and who, as a rule are opposed to every project which has for its object the real progress of the Jewish mation. Hence they regard with alarm the establishment of agricultural colonies, or the inauguration of an era of any kind of labor by Jews in Palestine. They are bitterly hostile to schools in which any secular teaching is carried on, and agroe with those Western Jews who consider that any scheme for developing the material roscources of Palestine by means improbability equivalent to a quasi-miracle. That version, in my opinion, was deliberately concerted, and rested upon nothing but a mirage of the memory."

A new critical examination of the Synoptic Gospels imposed no important changes on the revised edition of Renan's "Life of Jesus." though the narrative has been rendered more exact and full at certain points. "Somewhat too strong expressions with regard to the communistic spirit, which was of the essence of nascent Christianity, have been suitably tempered. What I had to say about the name of Peter has been modified. I have also adopted a different tablishment of agricultural colonies, or the inauguration of an era of any kind of labor by
Jews in Palestine. They are bitterly hostile to
schools in which any secular teaching is carried on, and agroe with those Western Jews
who consider that any scheme for developing
the material resources of Palestine by means
of Jewish industry is fantastic and visionary.
It is due to the Jewish population of Safed to
say that this spirit does not prevail among
the younger members of it. There are
about a hundred young Safed Jews who
actually work as day laborers on the
farms of Moslems and Christians, and I was
informed by one of the most liberal of the rabbis, the only one, in lact who was inclined to
promote Jewish agriculture, that about two
hundred families in Safed were desirous of
being established on farms, while several had
offend it at had forwands of the down of
safed are under the protection against
the extertionate demands of the same
safed are under the protection of some European power but until lately no power has taken
sufficient interest in the race to raise a Jewish
question with the Turkish Government. Now
that important political interests are to be subserved by doing so, and the destiny of Palestine
is likely to become a crucini point in the Eastern question, both ilussia and France are seizling every excuse for interference and compoint, and the questions which are constantly
arising in regard to their Jewish protegies both
in Tiberias and Safed, are likely to furnish
them with the preteats they desire.

When I was in Safed, Russia was netively
esponsing the cause of a young Jew who had
accidentally shot a Moslem, and over whom the
Turkish Government claimed jurisdiction, on
the ground that though at Russian, he had repolanted his allegiance to Russia. As the youth
were politically the compensation and
taken place, in company with some Jewish
from Safed are protected the same is become
the round the relative of the country he
had been compelied to flee for the country he
had been co hypothesis about Levi, son of Aipheus, and his relations with the Apostle Matthew. As to Lazarus, I now side unhesitatingly with the ingenious system of Strauss, Baur, Zeller, Scholten, according to which the poor man of Luke's parable and the re-suscitated man mentioned by John are one and the same person. It will be noted, however, that I preserve in him a touch of reality by combining him with Simon the leper. I adopt also the hypothesis of Strauss in reference to various discourses ascribed to Jesus in his last days and which seem to be quotations from writings which were widely current in the first century. More exactitude has been infused into the discussion of the texts bearing on the duration of Jesus's public life. The topography of certain localities has been readjusted. The Golgotha question has been reargued and settled in conformity with the results of the labors of M. de Vogué. * * In general, throughout the account of the last hours of Jesus, I have softened phrases which might seem to affect too much historical accuracy. It is here that the favorite explanations of Strauss may be most successfully applied, the dogmatic and symbolic intentions of the writers betraying them-

the most rigorous historical principles and a narrative like his own, which recognizes conjecture and hypothesis as instruments essential to the reproduction of an obscure and distant we confine ourselves in writing a life of Jesus to asserting only what is certain, we should need fout a few lines. The man existed. He came from Nazareth in Galilee. He preached engagingly, and he left behind him maxims which printed themselves deeply on the memory of his disciples His two principal followers were Cephas and John, the son of Zebedee. He excited the hatred of the orthodox Jews, who contrived to have him put to death by Pontius Pilatus, then procurator of Judea. He was crucified outside the city gates. It was believed shortly afterward that he was resuscitated.' So much we should know with cer-tainty, even if the Gospels did not exist or were notoriously mendacious, from documents of indisputable authenticity and fixed date, such as the evidently genuine epistles of Saint Paul or the Epistle to the Hebrews or the Book of Revelation and other writings universally accepted. Outside of that doubt is permis-sible. Who composed Jesus's family? What in particular was his relation to that James.

ous section of his Church did later? order of development did the Saviour's thought

walled at the booths when I first visited it on a week day. There was not a Christian in the market. Strong men with big bags, shary youths with distorted parcels, and boarded enchantrosses with doubtful bundles were incessantly coming in and emptying their loads. Little gentleness was displayed in the proceedings, which reminded me of the manner in which scavengers discharge their wares. Lote of inits, bronneis, boots, drosses, conts, and uniforms were shuffled out on the pavement, raising clouds of dust. The sorting was quickly done. Even the most wrotched rags, magically handled, soon got stretched out in a marketable shape. There are six contractors in those regions who drive a first-class trade by giving an artificial lostre to the most shabby articles, and by freshening those most crushed.

The day was hot. I saw many hands on the threshold of the small houses lining the narrow streets and lance bordering the markables, and dyes. In the middle of one street, leading out of the celebrated Petiteout lane, the most famous track of the rag fair, two artists with pant brushes and pots of black naint feverisily moved round a lottering trestic. They were giving a final touch to an increlible lot of forlorn garments, which were respecting under the treatment. The cloths were reviving; the buttons were rallying, and the sliky materials were renewing their youth.

But Sunday is the day on which the great rag fair is to be seen. The best time is in the morning, when Christians ought to be in church. I was there a little while ago. The heat was almost intolerable. The bells had just begun to ring for the morning pravers at St. Botolph in Bishopsgate, where is buried the great merchant, Sir Paul Pindar, the cellobrated money lender of James I, Charles I., and Charles II., who lived had by, A beyy of children and of flower girls were burzing about the streets selling, at a penny apiece.

The marts and streets are full. The rag fair is in all its glory. Buy, buy, buy l' roar hundreds of busky and panting voices. Won't y

LIFE IN LONDON.

A Sunday at the Upreartons Rag Pate to

LONDON, July 15 .- After entering the great

thoroughfare of St. Mary Axe, E. C., by Lead-enhall street, keep straight ahead, leaving the

old Church of St. Mary at the Axe on your right, and you will set foot on the land of

arnel. St. Mary Axe-"Simmery Axe," ao

cording to the pronunciation of the natives-is

built on the site occupied in medieval ages by the good monks of Bury's Abbey. It early be-

came a favorite resort of Hebrale commercia

activity. Two old rhymes describe the Jew

That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary.

At the end of the street is a mart, or rather a

abyrinth of marts, or clothes exchanges. On

week days bawkers, purchasers, and lounger

have access to it on the payment of one penny

per day. Wholesale buyers and dealers pay

three pence. On Sundays admission is free

The place is unprepossessing, indifferently

roofed, and not savory. Noisy activity pre-valled at the booths when I first visited it on a

week day. There was not a Christian in the

market. Strong men with big bags, share

Jews from St. Mary Axe for jobs so wary

of the period:

shell out, friend. Don't let this here gent take ye for a sweep."

Buy, buy! Cawn't ye stop for 'alf a second? Gaze at that here new toper, and if ye meet with a massier in the Park with a more haristocratic harticle, my name ain't Absalom. It's honly four and six. None of your fibs of anner and flatch."

Buy buy! Ere is a slik 'andkerchief for a kick; the best flannel shirts hever hoffered for sale for two beb; a pair of drawers as worn by the revail princes and the inte John Brown for a twolfer."

the royal princes and the inte John Brown for a twelfer."

Here is a short woman, with the waist of a lifeboat man, ready for action, with an ugly wig, a terribly hooked nose, a rancid complexion, and eyes that a duchess would give her dukedom for. She calls me "my iriend" first, and then more affectionately "my dear." She would feel better if she could sell me some of those jewels to take them to "my darling" at home, who, she is sare, will be much disappointed if I don't. Although I resist her enteractive she does not cense to be agreeable.

But what is that tremendous uproar hard by? It must be a violent quarrend, for voices are flerce, and their unharmonious strains mingle with the sound of hard blows. Not a bit of it. This tamuit simply proceeds from a dozen or so of self-sacrifleing men engaged in disposing, as they say, against their own interest, of an unprecedented bargain in clothes. Nothing heats the intenseness which immolation kindles. The philanthrepists are getting quite mad about it. More than partially underseed, servanning as for life, the water running down

their swolen faces, stamping and fuming, entirely pumped out, now and then they foid up with rage and beat with fury the articles they have praised the mest, as the acrobal tashes the child that missoe a trick.

Petticoat lane is so full that I am forced to the contemplation of a display of variously sized sausagns sold by Abraiam, who claims the invention of no loss a boon than the colobrated German wirst. I am so long pinned to the invention of no loss a boon than the colobrated German wirst. I am so long pinned they will be the contemper of pork. However, a brisk trade is going on there also, but it is only fair to add that unprejudiced Christians considerably swell on Sundays the crowd of Jewish purchasers.

The middle of the street is occupied by a long line of trunks full of cheap articles. A man selling gingerbroad is using ungentle language to a boy who crios and protests that he has given the costermonger a shilling. The Jew domeies it. The misority of the crowd sympathize with the child. Mothing faunted, tile and the protest with the child. Mothing faunted, tile and the protest with the child. Mothing faunted, tile and the protest with the child. Mothing faunted, tile and the protest with the child. Mothing faunted sympathizes are symptoms of a free light. A tall police officer rams through the crowd, Inquires, and the Jew breaks his oath and hands over the disputed coin. This is the only quarrel I witnessed in the fair.

There are symptoms of a free light. A tall police officer rams through the crowd, Inquires, and the Jew breaks his oath and hands over the disputed coin. This is the only quarrel I witnessed in the fair.

The locality seems doomed to be transformed. Half of Petticoat lane has already abandoned its popular name, and is called Middlessex street. At the corner of the section of it and of Trips yard, an uneugaging spot, is suddenly behald, but only for one second, one of the most perfect faces of woman the imagination can conceive. The admirable creature is a substitute of the protest of

Not many yards from that spot resided at Crosby Hall Redeard Duke of Glouvester, after-ward Richard III, the cross marderer of the children of Edward IV., his nephews.